He didn't want to pay for it. His father wanted him to, or he'd just keep losing phones. He owed Johnny twenty dollars. He should have paid another twenty for the battery. Instead Johnny said Merry Christmas, and took out his wallet.

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Workman believed in diagnosis, specifically in the diagnostic power of his own practised eye (Notes Illustrative, 9) and even ear. For as muscular impairment becomes more extended and more apparent (report for 1859, 18), even an experienced ear can identify a paralytic patient just by the sound of his uneven tread: The very sound of the foot on the floor is characteristic (18). Workman speaks of a way of seeing, cultivated by training and experience that enables him to penetrate appearances of life and health to a reality of disease and death. As if with the mythical X-Ray he dissolves the general paralytic's characteristically cheerful plumpness to a cynical Death's Head whose processes he unravels a posteriori in the mortuary. His very gaze seems deadly; if not exactly lethal in itself, it marks the living for a death it exposes as its vindication and triumph and subsequently its entertainment and reward. Through his musings and broodings what sharply emerges is the pattern: the arrival, the deceptive appearance or even apparent improvement, the gaze, the aggravation of the condition, death, and a few hours later the autopsy...

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He heard him, descending the dark-varnished stairs. Indignant that Porko had accused him of making noise.

Just because he had a disability, couldn't he get sloppy drunk, fall upstairs, and stagger around all night banging MITZI without some LIAR snitching on him?

He'd hear from his lawyer!

Johnny couldn't help noticing needle-marks all over his arms, the bruised hand where he'd been breaking his falls, or Mitzi....

No, it wasn't POVERTY ACTIVISM!

It was DEBAUCHERY!

It wasn't eviction however, like he deserved. It was only a WARNING. They'd had a complaint, from some unspecified long-suffering client/neighbor, the kind whose advocate he said he was but really wasn't.

Two MORE, and the cumbersome czarist machinery would finally begin to GRIND his ASS.

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The bailiff told Butch he'd pass to serve him the papers around 11:30. Butch said that